

WE KISS OUR MOTHERS WITH THESE MOUTHS

Cheaper Than
Your Mom

THREE SHEETS TO THE WIND #2

THE PREPUBESCENT MEATMARKETS!!!



Classics of the mobile home
dwellers of Tennessee

Back in the Can!!

COPY RIGHT INFRINGEMENT
AND PABST

NAUGHTY SUBSTITUTES!

PINKO FROGS WITH A SIDE OF KRAUT!!

WARNING/GUARANTEE: This zine contains material which a truly free society would neither fear nor suppress. The language and concepts contained herein are GUARANTEED NOT TO CAUSE ETERNAL TORMENT IN THE PLACE WHERE THE GUY WITH THE HORNS AND POINTED STICK CONDUCTS HIS BUSINESS. This guarantee is as real as the threats of the video fundamentalists who use attacks on literature in their attempt to transform America into a nation of check mailing nincompoops (in the name of Jesus Christ). If there is a hell, its fires wait for them, not us.

Three Sheets to the Wind 507B W. 37th St. Austin TX 78705

Soundtrack/Liver damage de Antonio Bolognio

Olys

Kissoffs on 91.7

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Los Crudos Canciones para liberar nuestras fronteras

FYP my man grumpy

can't remember what was in the keg, prolly the Beast

Inside this 3STTW

Stories about Substitutes

Unknown Facts About Uranus

White Trash Mythology

More Bad and Horribly Misgiven
Advice

Dona's soundtrack and stuff
of great importance

X-Los Angeles Wild Gift

Heavens to Betsy-Complicated

Groovie Ghoulies-No Blood

Barbarella

PB and Red Jelly sandwiches

Buffy the Vampire Slayer-the series

Richard Kern's New York Girls

zack's soundtrack 'n' beer
plus books i'm reading:
cans of Pabst (at the bars)
BORIS THE SPRINKLER Mega Anal
(i can't seem to get this out of my tape
deck, maybe i need therapy, everytime i
go to put something in, i see it, and i
must hear it!)

Attic by Katherine Dunn

lonestar tallboys

SLEATER-KINNEY call the doctor



As always, we want
to hear from you, the
reader.

Send marriage proposals,
hate mail, and nude shots
of your granny to:

3STTW

507B W. 37th St.
Austin, TX 78705

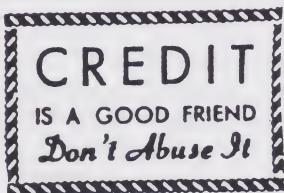


Antonio,

i went out of town (to Atlanta as a matter of fact) and just got in. i also got your zine the day i left, and i read it on the way there. i liked it really. tell oona she's not alone in the pregnancy incident area...when i was with my ex-boyfriend it happened on occasion...anyway, from what you've written, we have lots in common. it's a shame you don't live closer. gotta get drunk now.

love, love and big lesbian...

summer <srobnnette@arts.usf.edu>

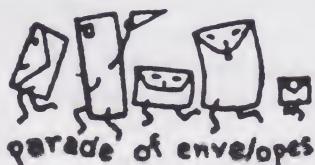


Oona and Antonio,

Zack gave me a 'zine and I'm gonna tell him this tomorrow, when I see him, but that was some pretty cool-ass shit. I'm hoping you'll have a second 3sttw, soon. By the way, which one of you wrote "Hero?" That actually touched my heart, which is quite unusual as Zack is usually touching that part of my bladder that tingles whenever I have to pee. You know that feeling, right? Anyways, I gotta run and watch Space Ghost, so I'll just finish with "Thanx."

Mark Likesem Young

<pokee@feeding.frenzy.com>



Dear 3sttw,

First let me point out what a fine work of art your zine is... it is a fine work of art. I took a lot of great advice to heart on marital matters to toilets. I also saw tits, tits, **tits**! I tried to call the number you saints left and well... I'm not at liberty to say what good it did for me. But as I was looking through this butte I ran into some highly offensive material. What in God's name was this as I flippidy flipped through these blessed pages—two strapping young boys who looked to be in some sort of a struggle over a Motard's record? Why on God's earth would this fine literary magazine publish this youth warping material?

I tried to rationalize at first why the two youths would be touching this album. They could not be trying to rip the thing apart. (They were going about it all the wrong way, it consists of hit and smash not tug and pull!) They were in fact in what appeared to be a virtual tug of war over this retched item.

It is a mark against you—a stain.

But just as the holy father sent his blessed son Jesus

Christ (our loved savior!) to rid us of our sins, I to offer redemption for the heinous sin you have committed. Perhaps an interview with the band would do. This would surely be an opportunity for you and us (the "readers") to gain insight on their character or lack thereof. And if this interview were actually to occur, I have a few questions for the wretches.

First congratulate them on their break up (all the easier target they are for that matter) they have done us all a great service.

Question 1: Has anyone pointed out to Johnny that he looks like the uncle on One Crazy Summer?

Question 2: What about the trends you have set off within the midst of the Austin hipsters? Were they consciously made? What sort of apparel do you suggest to put them up in the ranks within the scene?

Question 3: How do you feel about ripping off the Rip Off's?

Question 4: When your heads were inflating to enormous proportions on stage (not necessarily when you were playing Mr. Johnny Motard. I try to jump on every stage and even made a feeble attempt to stand tall near the mighty Teengenerate. You fool you, pompous fool you...um... ah okay things are clearer now) did you feel the change occur?

Question 5: Did you fools actually believe you could maintain your choke hold on the Austin punk rock scene?

Question 6: Do you ever feel as though someone is watching you when you had thought you were alone?

Six is good enough, not too much. I don't wish to subject you, the fine writers of 3sttw to any more unnecessary exposure to the vile (they have already done irreversible damage). Remove the stain. Resolve the matter. Take good aim. I know I will.

A close eye on Johnny.

Close eye; Last October, one of 3sttw's intrepid field reporters contacted the former drummer, Suzanne, of the Motards and requested an interview. Suzanne consented and gave 3sttw a phone number. Our staff writers drafted an interview and contacted little miss Suzanne Motard. Unfortunately she changed her mind (i.e. sobered up) and refused an interview.

The managing editors of 3sttw consulted our legal department and the law offices of Ernest and Julio Gallow about the advisability of a lawsuit for breach of contract. After about three pitchers of Shiner, our general editor stood up on the table during one of our legal conferences at Casino el Camino and yelled, "I'm gonna sue those bastards! I

DRUNKEN SAILOR

I was talking to someone the other day who didn't know what 'three sheets to the wind' means. I thought everybody knew what it means as contemporary slang, and most people knew its history, but evidently not. So read this and learn more about one of the three Rs: readin, writin, and linguistics.

In the world of schooners and clippers and other big boats, sails are commonly called sheets. A sail is held in place by four ropes—one at each corner—and those are called sheet lines. If a sheet line breaks, like in a storm, it is said to be, "to the wind." If three sheet lines on a sail break, the ship flounders and staggers across the ocean and is entirely un-navigable.

When sailors get real drunk, they flounder and stagger in the streets, much in the manner of a ship with a sail with three sheet-lines to the wind.

Members of the sailing community have coined a handy phrase to describe drunkenness. They say a fellow is three sheets to the wind.

These days, three sheets to the wind is a fairly common saying meaning 'very drunk.' In the movie Sixteen Candles there is a scene in which Long Duck Dong is drunk in the front yard and a woman says, "look, he's three sheets to the wind!" There's a novel by Donna Tartt called The Secret History, and on page 49 on the thirteenth line, it says "three sheets to the wind." Now you're smarter; go be a jackass.



WHAT SORT OF MAN
READS P₃STTW ~~XX~~?

Big fat slobs like you and me.



ZEUS'S STORY



I'd like to tell you a couple of little stories, each of them absolutely true. There's a little place on state highway 441—a little bit north of Athens, Georgia—which i'm familiar with which is occupied by some of the most notable characters of all the southern Appalachians. The most notable thing about them is that for all my travels, as far west as Arkansas (and occasionally Texas) and on down to Florida and even up north to Pennsylvania, The folks in B.C.'s trailer court are the most normal, archetypal, everyday folks i've ever met. Now i don't stand on long introductions, or a lot of talk about a fellow without i just plain describe him, so i'll just tell you right about a gentleman at B.C.'s who got in the most awful row with his wife over one of the neighbor girls.

Abel 'Zeus' Riggs and his wife, Hera, lived up at the back of the trailer court in a real nice doublewide, with decks built all around it and flowers growing in coffee cans and a gleaming white satellite dish in the front yard, pointing at the stars. Zeus—no one remembered where he got the nickname, i guess he gave it to himself—would spend the better part of his days sitting in his front yard drinking Olympia beer. He had a position of some importance in the trailer court: he did maintenance and occasionally helped B.C. with his books and generally looked after things when B.C. wasn't around. People would often go up to Zeus's to confer on rent and hunting or just shoot the breeze, as he was considered an authority on most anything. It didn't hurt none that Zeus didn't work, just collected his monthly check from the government, and was always available to talk to about dear john-letters or gambling losses.

One time, not too long ago, a younger woman moved into one of the smaller, more run down trailers just down the way from Zeus's. She was young, single, and good-looking: in general a doomed combination at B.C.'s. If i remember right, she went by the name of Iona. Well, she didn't have no men in her life, and as near as anyone could tell she were kin to the Ichnachus family. It seems Zeus took a notion of sort of helping her get 'set up,' as it were. He got her on credit at Mann's Market down the road and fixed her window unit A.C., and in general helped out about the place.



Hera, all this time, had been watching Zeus go through his little motions. Isn't it funny how a guy can be completely oblivious to how obvious what he's doing is to everyone else? Hera decided to put her foot down and, in her words, "Make that man quit this foolishness afore he goes and does something real stupid."

It all came to the cops and robbers chase scene the afternoon of the big storm. Georgia, in late July, is apt to get these amazing electrical storms—about every other year. Hera was watching her soaps and at a commercial she went to the fridge for a glass of Tang. A certain charge in the air struck her as unusual and she set foot on the porch. Zeus was nowhere in sight. An awful mess of dark storm clouds was foaming up on the sky like CheezeWhiz on a Ritz cracker. Hera set out to find Zeus so's he could close all the trailer windows and fetch in the dog while she took in the wash from the clothesline. She had three sheets out there in the wind and she didn't want to have them getting all sloshed and soaked.





Hera made straight for Iona's trailer and found it all dark and shut up. What i have to mention here is that people had heard from a certain person, whose name we won't mention but is certifiably the biggest gossip at B.C.'s had been heard to tell that lately, Iona had been saying some strange things. She had been heard to tell that she had been dreaming of Zeus lately and in her dreams he would come to her and say things like, "Hey little lady, why do you slave away down at Wal-Mart so lonely? Don't you know old Zeus is lonely for you something fierce? Now you just come on to old Zeus and he'll do you up good." Anyone could tell you not to go around a trailer court confessing derangements of the brain like this, but she had, and likely Hera had caught wind of it as well as Zeus.

When the storm had started brewing up like Mr. Bubble in a tub, Zeus and Iona had been heading out behind Iona's trailer to this field where B.C. dumped his old vehicles and appliances. I'm not one to make suggestions, but there is this certain old Chevy van back there it was likely Zeus had thoughts about getting Iona into. I'm not one to gossip but word around B.C.'s had been, "That little tramp is just too hot to hoot and it's old Zeus she's after. Boy I tell you what, if Hera ever gets her hands on her, she'll whoop the tar out of her, for sure!" Zeus and Iona were in the field, surrounded by the shells of dead vehicles and sundry when Zeus spied Hera coming down the gravel, curlers still in her hair, tails of her housecoat flying.

"Git in here!" Zeus urged Iona, and she jumped in back of a cattle trailer that they were standing near. It was one of those smaller trailers, it couldn't hold more than about one cow and it seemed pretty new. It still had Georgia trailer plates on it and due to the hill its wheels were chocked with cinder blocks.

Hera came storming up to Zeus, "Now Zeus, what in the hell is this foolishness, standing out here like to catch your death, and with a storm a brewin'!? You git back to the house this instant! You know Old Farter

can't make it up the stairs, especially in this humidity, and he's your dog anyway! Now git!"

Zeus started floundering for a cover up story, "Well, I was just fixin' to cover up this here trailer with a tarp. You know B.C.'s fixin' to sell it, and he asked me to cover it up if a storm came. So, uh, here I am."

They were yelling over the roar of the wind and overtures of thunder in the distance. Faces had come to nearby trailer windows to do dishes or do some important Windexing or some such job. Hera came back, "You quit this foolishness right now and git back to the house. I'll cover the damn trailer. You know I can't stand to lift that old flea-bitten-coon-tick-hound." What could Zeus do? She had a point. He set off up the hill, obedient to Hera's commands.

Hera turned to the vents in the side of the trailer, and was heard to yell, "Where in the hell do you get off coming up here and trying to mess with my man!" She stooped down, grabbed the cinder block chock from behind the trailer's wheel and jerked it out. "So now you've come to hiding in a cow trailer, huh? Like some kind of god-damned animal, eh?" The trail groaned and rolled a few inches in a semi-circle. Hera stormed to the other side and grabbed the other cinder block. "I'll teach you to mess with my man! I'll fix your wagon, good!" She jerked the cinder block out and the trailer began rolling down the hill, dragging its hitch in the gravel. As it started picking up speed, Hera followed it, breaking into a trot and yelling, "So you want to come out here and play cow? Huh? I guess you're a cow now, Bitch!"



ZEUS'S STORY

And that little trailer went careening down the gravelly slope, bouncing violently in the washboards and rain runnels for what seemed like near two minutes till Whack! It came to a halt at the bottom of the hill in front of Bill and Bonnie Prometty's trailer, that Bobby Prometty nearly set fire one summer making his folks lock him in the closet—but that's another story entirely. By this time Hera was already home, giving Zeus hell-or-what-for.

As it turns out, Iona was to shamed to show her face around B.C.'s place after that. Things settled down back to normal for Zeus and Hera, excepting the fact of what happened between Zeus and Iona over at the Econo-Lodge, but that happened much later and ain't directly tied into what i just related to you here.

Thank you for letting me bend your ear for a spell. If you're set on it, next time i'll tell you about that banana yellow '72 Camaro what says 'Apollo' on its license plate, and i'll tell you about how it came to be that Joey Fayden smashed it up 'round about when he turned fourteen.



THE END

A review of White Trash Cuisine
Generic Tater Tots from H E B

These are good. The cook up in 15 minutes & are crispy. They taste good w/ beer & leaving big grease spots on the cookie sheet.

Ore Ida Tater Tots

They suck. They're mushy, not too greasy & take 20 minutes to cook.



I tried to survive high school by making myself invisible. Asheville High School in Asheville, North Carolina is populated by metal head rednecks (guys with short hair, but long and permed in the back!?!?) and pissed off ghetto kids. Since i wore neither Slayer t-shirts nor Adidas threads, i was more or less buried a few feet beneath the social pile. I got no respect for excelling at sports, since i hated them and excelling at math would have gotten me beat up every day. So, i excelled at nothing. I managed to go through all of junior high and then high school without anyone ever noticing that i existed. Imagine my chagrin one day when all my anonymity was threatened when i went into my English class and there was a substitute teacher and it was my mom!

The old parental unit had recently divorced my dad and had been, you could say, laid off from her career as housewife. So she had gone and gotten her substitute teaching certificate. My initial shock at seeing her taking roll was anti-climatic. All of the skoal dipping jocks were too busy trying to spell their initials so they could carve them into their desks to put 2 and 2 together and figure out that ms. hyde was zack hyde's mom.

After she called roll, our class broke into groups to work on some project. The old lady took me aside and said that she had left the coffee maker on and would i run home and turn it off. She gave me the car keys. Nice!

So i drive the Subaru over to the house and make myself a pot of coffee, and i listen to What Goes On by the Velvet Underground, and i take a nice big shit in the comfort of my own home. The VU saved my life in high school.

Something i noticed about high school is that while the preppies and the jocks could be hard to get along with, they'd pick on the losers and the derelicts and call us names. But the losers and derelicts, the punks and hippies were also always lashing out at the world. Fat patchouli with Flappy-sticks in their hair or malnourished boys with hand-made misfits t-shirts and green hair were likely to tell each other, "Man, that's a stupid hair cut."

More to the point, everyone in high school was a nervous, insecure, fucked-up mess. Shit, i hated myself so much that i couldn't even take a shit in a high school bathroom: as if all the blunt smoking hoodies-who were also cutting gym-couldn't know i had an asshole.

Unfortunately, my mom was never my substitute teacher again. The next sub i had threw chalk at me and pegged me between the eyes. Getting hit by chalk, or listening to the VU, subs were a point of pleasure and relief in school-a sort of a steam valve to release the pressure of school. High school is an oppressive, dehumanizing experience that takes people who are young and rich in potential and grinds a heel into their sense of self.

What if we could have substitute boss day at work, and your substitute boss was your mom!

you come home
you - love Ted
VIMMEX

... be put off by
its time. ... now for a free sample to
"VOM-IT" PRODUCTS, 13 Elgarth
Preston, Lancs. Sole Prop.: Mr. A.
C. Green.

keep on astrology, re-establishment of diplo.
with Communist China.

● Will part-exchange for slim brr..

development of
nations.

I think it might be worth

I sat down in my desk and noticed a name scrawled in unfamiliar lettering on the board. It was "Mr. Loeb" I smiled wondering how much I could aggravate this guy, the last substitute teacher I had crying. He introduced himself and said he would help us where he could and that if we didn't take advantage of him he wouldn't have to be too harsh with us. Addin Normal substitute territory, which I normally ignored.

He started to call roll and when he got to my name I answered "aqui" and he just ignored it. There were a couple of other smart ass answers and they were ignored too. He finished roll and then went on to tell us he was Jewish and what it meant to him. When he was done he wanted us each to introduce ourselves and tell him something important to us. I went to the bathroom.

I spend a good ten minutes dinking around in the bathroom and writing dumb fifth grade graffiti on the stall doors. I grabbed some paper for spit wads and then headed back to class. I walked down the hall kicking at my loose shoe laces. When I walked into the class I noticed a rubber band on the floor. I picked it up and shot it at my friend Scott.

Suddenly out of his chair he comes flying and screaming. I tune out and begin to think about nintendo strategies. Mr. Loeb screams on and I keep looking into his face and nodding without paying attention when I notice he has a glass eye. He keeps shouting and gesturing, but his eye doesn't move.

sin and submit to God. (See Luke 13:5.)

SC
de E
for FRE

isle wea
isle view DYM
dol. cloppin
k and details
y FR trial

“If you were, then you're the one
Nani who failed.”

My friend Scott, who had

bravely bared the brunt of my

ferocious attack that led to my

current chastising spoke up and

informed Mr. Loeb that I had

been in the bathroom for his

speech. Mr. Loeb asked me my

name and what was important to

me, I answered "Antonio and my

dog". He believed I was in the

restroom, but asked what had

taken me so long. I mumbled an

answer.

“Now for the second time.

For the benefit of Antonio, who

takes too long in the bathroom, I

will repeat why you will not

shoot rubber bands in my

presence.” Some of the kids

laughed at the bathroom joke, but

most of them sighed at having to

hear the story repeated. He doo

explained that he would not

tolerate rubber band shooting

because when he was a kid he

had had his eye shoot out. That

was why he had that freaky glass

eye that looked up and to the left.

I was pretty well behaved the

rest of the day. I only got sent to

the hall once. I did however stare

constantly at his glass eye and

wondered if I could turn it into a

key chain.

IDS:

that only

Rom 3:23)

way from

the

2. ... in prayer.
3. Find a church where the Bible is taught as the complete Word of God and is the final authority.
4. Obey Christ's command and be baptized. (See Matthew 28:19.)

Zack.

Please don't
let Antonio
near the
scissors again.

Thanks,
Oona.

EN.

Christ died

blood to pay

that He arose

(See Romans 10:9)

Roman

the

Rock

Drop "Sti

PI

Manu

the

Con

Ple

TF

An Interview with Real-Life Substitute Miss X

1. What was the worst experience you've ever had subbing? Have you ever ran out of the room?

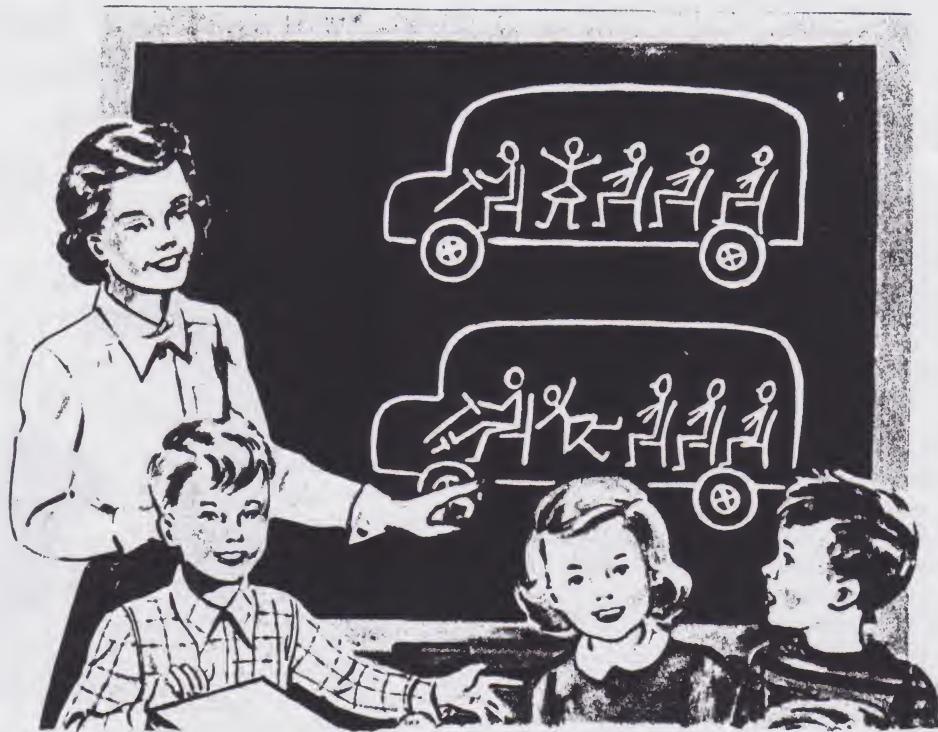
A kid set off a stink bomb once. It sucked because the vice principal came in and yelled at everyone and took out an innocent kid, but wouldn't listen to me. It's really hard to go back to work after shit like that happens. I had another class(5th grade learning handicap) for 2 weeks and during that time 2 kids were suspended and another was permanently sent out of the room. They were fighting with each other during class and had crayon wars (and I got hit once!) and one threatened me with his umbrella (he said he was joking, but...) They were the class from hell but they were still my kids. When I go back to that school I always go visit them and they all hug me!

2. Do you ever have to teach gym class?

I usually turn it down, but, once desperate, I was in charge of the girls' locker room at a middle school. Not very exciting-I had to usher girls out with "This is not a beauty parlor!"

3. How do the other teachers treat you? Do they give you respect and let you in the teacher's lounge to smoke between classes?

You can't smoke in there anymore. Some teachers make you feel very second class, while others are too gushy and all over you. The men usually steer clear of the luncheons-taking a plate of food and diving out the door. Teachers really do talk about students and about how bad they and their families are!



4. Have you ever dreamed you were subbing in your underwear?

No, I've awoken with night sweats about subbing, but they've subsided the longer I sub.

5. How do you reprimand kids? Send to principal? Stand in corner? Make

them wear a dunce hat? Do you ever lose control and throw erasers?
Principals, standards, counselors, and other classrooms. I've dragged kids from my room to another. There are phones so I can call for backup. Sometimes the office makes a point to tell me that I can call for help if needed. I've screamed a lot in some classes. I go home with a sore throat on those days.

6. How do you feel about the word "sub"?

No problem.

7. How's the cafeteria food?

I eat out or brown bag it in the classroom. I've seen those teriaki meatballs!!

8. Do you ever sub in the special ed department?

115
All the time. My favorite classes as they're small and you always have an aide. I stay away from the physically handicapped as many people hurt their backs lifting students and changing diapers!!! You can go to school until you're 25 or something if you are retarded.

**CAUTION
SCHOOL BUS**

9. Should I be a sub?

If you don't need a lot of money. It pays well, but I don't work much more than 12 days a month and only for 9-10 months out of the year. I've always not liked kids so that's not a deciding factor.

10. Do kids give you presents at Xmas? Do boys ever pass you notes?

Little kids draw me pictures and give me notes that say, "I love you Ms. X." In high school the boys are too flirty and I can't help but flirt back, so that's out for me now.

11. Have you ever been bit by a kid?

I was scratched by a special ed kid and other teachers were freaking out. They can't tell you if anyone is HIV positive or what's up with them disease-wise, so you've got to be careful.

DEAR ANN LANDERS: Both my significant other and I have been previously married. We enjoy each other tremendously and agree that being a middle-aged couple in love is an incomparable joy.

We share housekeeping, which is no problem. Our dilemma is the laundry. She does not empty her pockets. Consequently, I have washed several pens, lighters, receipts and \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills. My wife insists that it is the responsibility of the washer to check all pockets. I was raised to empty my pockets before putting anything in the hamper.

Since we try not to sweat the small stuff, we have agreed to abide by your decision. Please, Ann, give us a permanent-press solution.

— Abbotsford, B.C.

ABBOTSFORD: You guys are just jack-asses. This is the stupidest letter I've ever been sent. I help people who are suicidal, for christsakes. But okay, this is a bad advice column and you've asked for advice, so this is it:

Any time your wife leaves shit in her pockets and puts her clothes in the hamper, get out the camcorder and make your wife drop her pants to her ankles. Spank her bare ass with a belt in the front yard, and videotape it.

On the flipside, anytime your enough of a dumbass to wash a pen or a \$20 bill, get out the camcorder, go to the front yard and drop your pants to your ankles. Let your wife spank your bare ass with a belt, and make sure you tape it! Send any tapes you make to 3sttw/ 507b w37/ Austin TX/ 78705

DEAR ANN LANDERS: I recently took a job offer and moved to Florida. An old college roommate invited me to a party when I first arrived.

It sounded like an interesting group, and indeed, it was. Within minutes, I found myself involved in a friendly debate over male and female athletic

prowess. One fellow was being slightly obnoxious and ridiculed my statement that some women could compete with men on equal terms. I challenged him to an arm-wrestling contest, and he accepted.

I beat him easily. When I pinched his cheek and said, "Not bad for a wimpy guy," he was em-

barrassed and left the party. I felt a bit guilty but figured I would never see him again.

When I was introduced to my supervisor the first day at work, my jaw nearly hit the floor. It was the man I had arm-wrestled at the party. He made no mention of the incident, but his manner was very formal and low-key. Needless to say, this is a dismal way to begin a new job. Should I apologize?

Apologize, Hell no! You've met a man who truly needs you, a man who needs to be taught to be a man. Teach him to be your man. It prolly won't take much to get him to go out for a drink after work, a menacing tone of voice or a dark stare. Soon it will only take your command. Form your description of this "man" after a couple of stiff drinks he'll be unable to resist



ANN
LANDERS



QUESTIONS CHILDREN ASK
ABOUT MONEY

any of your requests. Take him home and handcuff him until he sobers. When he's ready begin to instruct him in how to be a man. If he resists you punish him severely. If he fails in a lesson punish him. If he in anyway doesn't meet your expectations punish. At first he might resist, but he'll learn to love you for your efforts. Soon he'll be as obedient as a well trained dog, and as loyal. He'll learn his lessons well and everyday you'll become more and more proud to own this man. As well as he might do don't forget to punish him when he needs it or if you just feel like it. Punishments can range from a whippings, to boot lickings, to water deprivation. Just remember you own this man, you beat him at armwrestling.

DEAR ABBY: My youngest brother, Jim, and his wife, Mary, have been separated for a couple of years and plan to divorce. They have three children and I have four, all close in age.

About three weeks ago, my youngest son, Billy, said he missed his cousins and wanted to go to Aunt Mary's mobile home to visit them. I called my brother and asked how he felt about Billy's request. Jim said he would prefer that I not continue my

friendship with Mary and the children. He said that we would be disloyal to him if we continue to see his estranged wife and their children.

A few days later, Billy saw his cousins in school, and they begged him to visit them. I called Mary and she, too, invited us over. We had a pleasant evening together.

The next morning, Jim arrived at my place and said, "I see that you chose Mary over me. I'm having a birthday party next weekend, and you and your kids are not invited. Furthermore, you can never come to my house again."

I discussed my brother's attitude with our parents. Dad said, "You should be loyal to your brother." Mom said, "It's about feelings."

I think it's about Jim's insecurities. Abby, I don't think I was being disloyal. Do you think Jim was out of line?

— Minneapolis Reader

MINNEAPOLIS: Of course you weren't being disloyal. We've all heard the saying, "blood is thicker than water." What that means is that family is important, especially to someone young like your little Billy.

You need to give Jim a good cussing, then tell all the girls in your sewing circle that he's got a teeny penis. That ought to keep Jim from making any conquests in your town ever again.

But it's little Billy that I'm worried about. Keep taking Billy to aunt Mary's mobile home to see his cousins. See to it that Billy and the cousins develop a happy, healthy relationship. Watch the cousins for special signs of affection, like googly-eyes or hand holding. After all, Billy will be hitting puberty soon enough, and nothing is more important than hooking a good wife, and what better place could there be for fishing for a wife than the family gene pool?



DEAR
ABBY

DEAR ANN LANDERS: I recently loaned my late-model car to the 18-year-old boy next door. He wrecked the car and now will not pay for the repairs. He adamantly maintains that he has no money, yet he just bought a brand-new guitar, and I know guitars do not come cheap.

The deductible on my insurance policy is \$500. The bill is going to be considerably more. I believe the boy should pay for the damage he did. His parents are no help at all. My wife thinks I should get a lawyer and sue the kid. What do you think?

— Stuck Out in Dallas

Ann Landers

First off you should know better than to lend your car to an 18 year old boy, it's like giving power to Congress. Undeniably this boy owes you money for the damage he did. Since he claims he has no money why not have him work off his debt. First you need a job suitable for a naïve 18 year old boy that makes good money so you can quickly be repaid. And if you're helping this boy with a job you might as well make sure he learns more from this experience than responsibility for his actions, he could learn a skill. If you think about this boy's assets he has something very valuable and in demand, his body. There are many men who would pay a near fortune for just one evening with a young willing man. At first the boy may be unappreciative of your offer to help him work off his debt and better himself, if so just introduce him to heroine. It's available and any city and doesn't take long before you

have some one eager to please you and earn some quick money. If clients aren't readily available for your product try hanging around upscale hotels, it won't be long before you have a customer. Once you have one satisfied customer you'll start getting some referrals and then your endeavor will snowball. It won't take long to pay for the damages of your car. You may still want to continue with your entrepreneurial endeavor, you could help put the boy through college and earn a nice tax free income on the side. You might even choose

DEAR ABBY: My husband is 42 and I am 36. When we married five years ago, he was a widower with a young daughter. His first wife had died shortly after giving birth to their second child. The baby was premature and died a week later. We are raising his daughter, whom I love very much.

The problem is that he refuses to remove his old wedding band. He wears the ring from his first marriage on his right hand and the one I gave him on his left. I have asked him many times to remove the ring. He says that his first wife will always be a part of his life. (They met in the eighth grade.)

Abby, I understand that, and I have always been sympathetic. However, I am hurt and insulted. I am his living wife, and it is abnormal for a man to wear two wedding bands. We are unable to resolve this.

— Longtime Reader

DEAR LONGTIME: Get cats. You see, man has ten fingers. That means he can have ten wives. That's the way it's been for all of history. Man can do what he wants. The only recourse that women have is to get cats. The more

dissatisfied you are with the fact that men run the show, the more cats you should get.

Studies prove that crazy old ladies who live alone and have more than forty cats live longer than anyone else. Sure, they talk to themselves and drive at five miles per hour, but they're alive. You too, can be lonely, pissed off at men and crazy when you're eighty.

Start by getting a couple of cats now, while you still live with your polygamist husband. Start calling them names like 'shmoogums' and 'Butta butta butt dumplin'. When your husband comes home from work ranting and raving about his shitty job, tune him out, pick up your favorite cat and start whispering sweet nothings into its ear while you feed it fresh crab meat. Before you know it, your manly tool-loving husband will be convinced that you're as crazy as Antoinette Cosway and will leave you. This is the time for the real cat explosion.

By the time you hit menopause, you should have thirty cats. Then you will know the real joy of being a crazy-old-cat-lady: the sixteen pound heater kitty. A sixteen pound heater kitty is the greatest thing ever put on this earth, and any man is worth sacrificing to get one.

DEAR ANN LANDERS: Our daughter, "Janette," is planning to marry a super guy this fall. He is a parent's dream come true.



Here is the problem. Janette had a promiscuous sexual adolescence and a reckless young adulthood. She was out of control early and would not listen to advice. The result was that she picked up genital warts. This is a highly contagious condition, and she has been bat-

tling for years to keep it in check. Unfortunately, there is no cure.

Janette has not told her fiance that she has this problem. She is afraid of losing the one decent guy she's ever been involved with. If she won't tell him, should I?

— West Chester, Pa.

Dear West Chester—
Get off your gynocological high horse! Sheesh. Did you ever stop to think where little Miss Janette may have picked up her uncomfortable affliction? Dragging her along with you on your whoring expeditions to the local bar may have steered her in the wrong direction. You also might want to have your husband Roy checked out. As far as the potential son-in-law, keep your trap shut! I'm sure he's heard about the time with the whole football team before. Besides, you've probly already got your 99-cent Wet and Wild press-ons in him already, you ruthless tramp!

I have a very feminine apartment—lots of pink, candles, pillows. Do you think it scares guys off?
Dear Buffy—

Signed- Buffy
You poor dear, haven't you figured it out yet? Lose those icky dust ruffles, free yourself from oppressive floral patterns, and ditch the aromatherapy candles. If you wanna git yerself a man, you gotta bring in a few essentials: pizza boxes, a coffee table with lots of beer cans, and fork out the money for a subscription to Penthouse. Leave it lying around. Stop cleaning your toilet bowl and let the trash pile up. Get your ass down to Home Depot and buy some big, noisy tools for him to play with. It's all about what *he* likes. dontcha know?



Frog Watch



Racism is on the increase in America today. All you have to do is read the newspaper or talk to someone in an old Chevy truck to know this is true. This ignorant hate is focused on Afro-Americans, Latinos, Asians, and Middle Easterners. This hate and fear is counter productive. Hating your Pakistani store owner and Ecuadorian mechanic gets you nowhere, it solves none of your problems. The time has come to focus your anger, your rage, and direct your hate where it will do the most good, on the

French. "What have the French done to me lately?" you might ask. Besides exposing you to nuclear radiation with their open air testing¹ they've been talking to the Russians. The same people who have no word for freedom in their language². The Frogs, the Russians, and the Germans are having talks to limit U.S. influence in Europe³. Why would the frogs turn to the Evil Empire and the Huns. How many times do the frogs have to be invaded. How many times do we have to bail their sorry ass out of a German invasion or an unwinable situation in Southeast Asia⁴. When will they realize America has only got their best interests in mind, prolly never, it's a lot to ask of the simple French mind. Now they're siding with old enemies. I ask my fellow Texans, and Americans to realize the folly of hating your Jamaican cab driver, or you Korean convenience store owner. It would be much better served focused on some namby pamby French, bagette eating, wine sipping fuck.

Frogs

it is no less harmful
in an endearing manner, it is no less attempt to
special review for Webby
in an endearing manner. The devious. Unfortunately
a special this frog is portrayed in an endearing cronies. The devious. Unfortunately
All though children shows they're deeply disturbed nature.
to Americans than any other of it's bicycling cronies. The devious. Unfortunately
to present frogs to children, is evil.
this frog.

¹ In the papers, like a year ago, you don't really expect me to research this shit.

² Ronald Reagan, patriot, president, and Alzheimer's sufferer.

³ This was in USA today, America's paper, a week ago, I read it on my lunch break at work.

⁴ A history book I read in highschool, or somewhere.



THE THREE SHEETS SCIENCE CORNER! HAVE FUN LEARNING ABOUT URANUS!

Some astronomers speculate that in the deep interior of Uranus, the pressure is large enough to compress methane to a state in which it releases some of its carbon. That carbon, itself under high pressure, may then form diamonds within Uranus.

URANUS IS DISCOVERED

In 1781 a German astronomer living in England named Sir William Herschel discovered Uranus. At the time, England was being ruled by this kooky king, George III. If you've seen the play or movie *The Madness of George III*¹, you know that this king went a little bonkers and peed funny colors. Anyway, they named the planet after him: 'Georgium Sidus', which means, in plain talk, George's star. After a while, probably because of the king's stay at the happy Hilton, they decided to rename the star Uranus.

URANUS: GREEK GOD

An ancient Greek man named Hesiod writes about Uranus extensively. Uranus was god of the sky. Uranus married his mother, who was Earth, and they bore Cronus and the Titans. The power and deformity of Cronus and the Titans threatened Uranus, so he imprisoned them inside of Earth. Earth encouraged them to escape, and Cronus led the escape, which ended up with Cronus castrating Uranus and flinging his unit² into the sea. The sea foamed up where Cronus tossed the jimmie into it, and from that foam Aphrodite was born. She was so named because the Greek word for foam is *aphros*.



SOUNDS LIKE...

Uranus has a homophone. Uranous sounds just like Uranus. Uranous means of, or relating to, or containing Uranium. If someone says, "That's Uranus!" they may mean that something's emitting lethal radiation, or they may mean that is the heavenly body which is beautiful to contemplate.

URANUS AT A GLANCE

Uranus is much smaller than Jupiter and or Saturn. It is difficult to study Uranus with your own eyes, even with a telescope you'll only see a featureless circle. Uranus has an atmosphere rich in hydrogen and methane. In fact, the methane around Uranus give it's atmosphere its distinguishing characteristics. Much of the atmosphere is made up of cloud particles which are chunks of frozen methane.

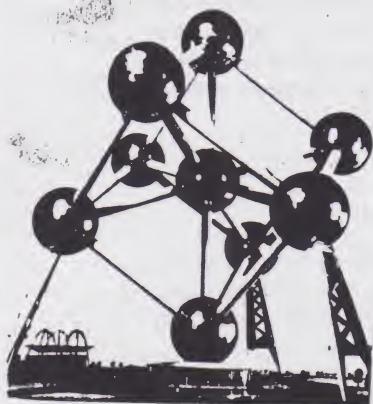


TABLE 14.1. URANUS

Orbital semimajor axis: 19.18 AU (2,869,000,000 km)
Perihelion distance: 18.27 AU
Aphelion distance: 20.09 AU

Orbital period: 84.01 years (30,685 days)
Orbital inclination: $0^\circ 46' 23''$

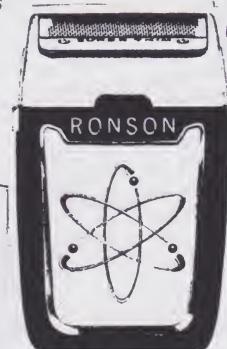
Rotation period: $16^h 10^m$

Tilt of axis: $97^\circ 55'$

Mean diameter: 52,300 km ($4.10 D_{\oplus}$)
Mass: 8.72×10^{28} grams ($14.6 M_{\oplus}$)
Density: 1.2 grams/cm³
Surface gravity: 1.07 earth gravities
Escape velocity: 21 km/sec

Surface temperature: 95 K
Albedo: 0.66

Satellites: 5



GETTING INTO URANUS

It is hard to imagine a way for a scientist to actually go into Uranus to study its interior so they rely on indirect methods to study it. There has not been any known probe sent into Uranus. The low density of Uranus indicates that it is made up of light and abundant materials, predominately: methane, ammonia, and water. This mix explains the spectrum of Uranus.

Uranus bulges in the middle. The fluid materials at its core are likely the cause of the bulge.

THE RINGS OF URANUS

Uranus is surrounded by a set of narrow, dark colored rings. The rings of Uranus are rich in carbon particles and organic-like material. Among these rings are also the moons of Uranus.

Uranus has fifteen moons. Many of the moons of Uranus are heavily cratered, but the largest one has a surface unlike anything else in the solar system. It is broken into a patchwork of distinct regions unrelated to each other. This patchwork appearance may have been caused by impact with a large body somewhere in the proximity of Uranus.

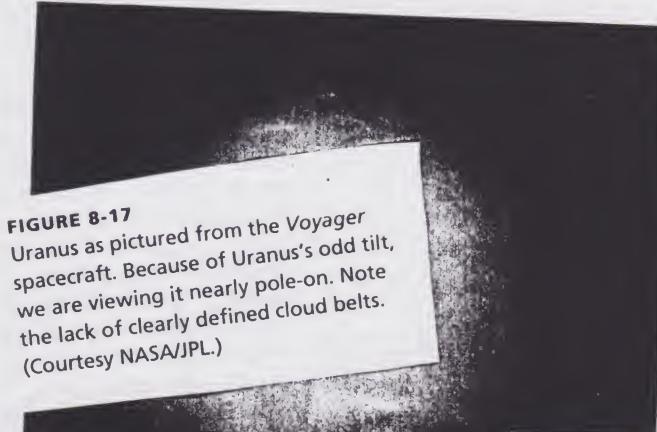


FIGURE 8-17
Uranus as pictured from the Voyager spacecraft. Because of Uranus's odd tilt, we are viewing it nearly pole-on. Note the lack of clearly defined cloud belts.
(Courtesy NASA/JPL.)



Earth for comparison

URANUS IMPACTED!

Uranus is tilted 90° with respect to its orbital plane. This leads us to a couple of interesting facts. Firstly, it is speculated that this tilt was caused by Uranus being impacted. Uranus was probably impacted by an enormous thing flying through space.

The tilt of Uranus also creates a solar phenomena. For long periods of time, parts of Uranus are in perpetual day and the nether regions of Uranus are in perpetual night. The nether regions of Uranus are, literally, 'where the sun don't shine.'

¹Ibid.

²Unit, jimmy, schlóng, wiener, wang, pecker: this story is true. I ripped it off out of The Meridian Handbook of Classical Mythology by E. Tripp, Meridian 1970, where I rip off all my stuff about old myths.

³I stole the idea of using footnotes from Antonio's 'Frogwatch' because I think it makes stuff look real scholarly. The coolest footnotes in the world are in Nicholson Baker's novel The Mezzanine.

REVYOOOOOONS-

For motion discomfort.

The Need-s/t Chainsaw (CD only)

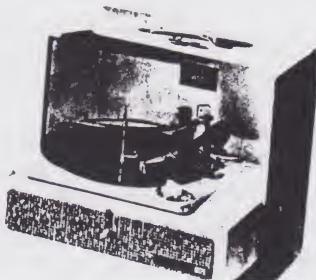
After stumbling upon the Need's two 7-inches last year, I was itching to get my hands on this CD. It's an awesome 8-song swirl of fucked-up Something-Wicked-This-Way-Comes carnival music. Songs about ring fingers and where they go. These girls rock. Totally. Crown is the best song on here, though the version on vinyl is even better. You can order a delightful fisting poster from them at www.olywa.net/need. Their website is truly impressive and plus, they really write back to email.

zine

Atoms of Consumption

This low-rent Bukowski aims his malt liquor fueled rants at Jenny McCarthy, backwoods mass murderers, princess di, and cybernetic sex dolls. It grew on me. The title comes from Noam Chomsky. One buck gets you the zine and a cool package of junk (i got a poetry booklet, some stickers and assorted flyers. write:

Robert W. "the Loser" Howington
4105 Bellaire Drive South #220
Fort Worth TX 76109-5103
theloser@earthlink.net



REVVYOOOOOONS!

Crown and Anchor

First off the can's outside. Second it's got a trough and a pot I would be wary of. They stop serving food at midnight so ammo for the butt cannon is lacking in the late hours. Third some dipshit fucked up on his graffiti. If there is one essential element in a public toilet, besides two ply toilet paper, it's the graffiti. Some dumbshit wrote "If Iraq and Turkey attack Syria from the rear would Greece help?" Now fucking A, why the Hell would Iraq attack the only other Bath state in the Middle East, and no Greece would not help, they're prolly busy fucking little boys, and besides they're kind of having a war with Turkey. Any dipshit worth his Charmin knows the joke is "If Iraq attacks Turkey from the rear would Greece help?" I give this can a half flush.



Men's room Greyhound Station
Houston Texas

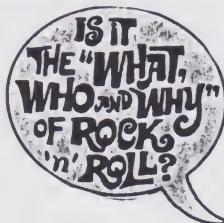
Two stalls, the wide one (for cripples) didn't have a working lock on its door, so I took a very narrow stall. Old fluorescent lighting buzzed very loudly. The grey tiled floors and black toilet seat are reminiscent of anti-drug films in junior high. This would be a good place to shoot up. The graffiti promises a blow job if you call 512 528 3739—hey, that's an Austin phone number! The wonders never cease. This shitter felt very no-hope-for-humanity, less than zero,-esque. If you need to shit in downtown Houston, this place has no pretensions. With a wicked hangover, I crapped: it was a blissful experience.

Revyooooous;

Jackknife-All My Blues For Sale

7inch SFTRI

So maybe I'm biased, but this is my new favorite band. Too bad they're not around anymore. They don't sound like anyone else. Mad sexy noisy guitars, no bass. I like it. Thanks to McKinley and Super Sandra for the record!



Men's Room Phoenix Night Club
Toronto Ontario

I just pissed here, and at eight bucks a beer, I sure as hell didn't piss that often! Even considering exchange, that's like six bucks a beer American. This place is just conducive to swelled heads because CFNY broadcasts live there on Saturdays. (I concede that CFNY is a damn fine radio station) The pisser was so thick with attitude you could taste it, or maybe that was just fine Canadian beer burps. Lots of guys in black wearing eyeliner with spiky hair, as well as guys in flannels with white baseball caps turned backwards standing really close to the pisser so no one would see their little tinkle. Don't worry frat-boy, we weren't looking. An impersonal and business only pisser in one of Canada's finest nightclubs.

The NAMBLA web page:
Boring! They don't show you
anything. You've got to send
them \$40 and become a
member. 

Pie Pizzeria

This is the best pizza joint to my knowledge. It's right near the University of Utah campus. Its bathroom has a nice variety of graffiti. I even found an old rat's bones I scrolled 10 years ago. When I dropped trou to plant ass I knew what was coming but it was still a shock. Toilet seats in the Utah winter are fucking cold. As my testicles leaped into my abdomen and my sphincter loosened I felt calm. This toilet is one of the finest public cans I've ever delivered plumbing problems to.

Unwound-Challenge for a Civilized Society LP (Kill Rock Stars)

Last time I saw Unwound, I started to fall asleep. The long droning songs make me sleepy. This record is full of too much of that. I started yawning barely two songs into it. All their songs sound like some other Unwound song. Justin's voice sounds weird too. Oh Unwound, what happened?

RATING SYSTEM

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	PINT OF GUNESS
<input type="checkbox"/>	COLD LONESTAR TALLBOY
<input type="checkbox"/>	ROOM TEMPERATURE OLYMPIA
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	HALF EMPTY WARM 40
<input type="checkbox"/>	SPILLED BOONES FARM

NEWDOOOOOUS-

Los Crudos "Canciones Para Liberar Nuestras Fronteras" LP

This rages, these guys are making are many men who would pay a near fortune for just one evening with a young willing man. At first the boy may be unappreciative of your offer to help him work off his debt and better himself, if so just introduce him to heroine. It's available and any city and doesn't take long before you punk a threat again. Grinding hardcore with Spanish and English vocals. They deliver their political message without being preachy. If you've never heard Los Crudos get this and you won't be disappointed. La Firme Bomba.

The Budget Girls-Get in your ear
7 inch (Planet Pimp Records)

I picked up this record because it had a picture of two girls with their boobies showing. Good screechy girl garage stuff. Songs like "Pop-a-Wheelie Cop-a-Feelie." On the back, they have a Budget Girl's Sandwich contest. Simply send in a picture of your package and you may win a future role in a Budget Girl's sandwich. Yum-Yum!

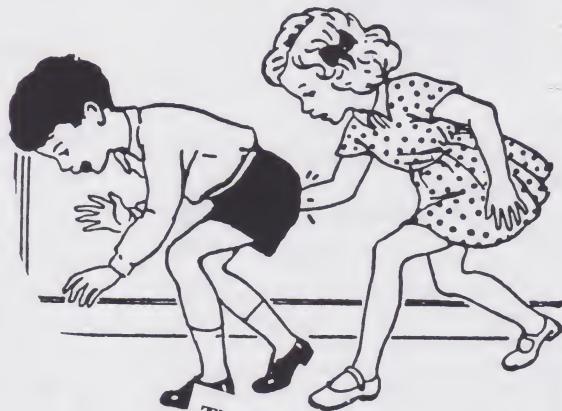
zine
Rocket Press Quarterly

This half sized newsprint zine had a cool cover that ribbed on the NY state gummint. Inside was mostly poetry. There were a couple of stories, and one was pretty good, called 'Thinking Husbands'. Their review section is a good place to find even more literary zines. Send 'em a buck and support the literary arts (don't forget to tell 'em your address, you knob):
Rocket Library Quarterly
PO Box 720

For the Love of Jesus: Chapter One

Elmore Williams 7inch SFTRI

This record is the first of a series and I hope to acquire the others. I really liked the A side-just this old guy and his buzzy guitar totally rocking out. Hypno-blues. He looks like he's blind in the picture insert which makes things even more interesting. Once, while eating dinner at a diner on Congress, there was a blind guy playing the drums and guitar simultaneously, all while belting out a really sleazy version of "Darling Nikki" but readers, that's a different story.....



The PeeChees-Games People Play
Kill Rock Stars
Ooh-ooh-they're hot. This was my favorite-est LP of 1997 by far. This record will make you get all sweaty and shake your ass uncontrollably. There is isn't a song on here I don't like. The perfect nasally vocals, and I like the songs where Molly sings also. Sexy and very snotty. Check out the PeeChees with Unwound and the PrimaDonnas at Emo's on February 25th and live it up!!!

REVIEWOOOOOLLS-

Ladies' Room at Fern's, 4th Street Long Beach, CA

I had to pee a lot the three times I visited this fine establishment so I became quite familiar with the potty. The walls were painted your basic black and there were three different condom machines. My friend came out of the restroom and said some girl was throwing up. Not one to miss a breaking story, I raced in there. There was a blonde girl puking and she would chirp to her friend between hurls, "I haven't had anything to eat all day!" and "Are you gonna go home with him?" She finished and left, failing to rinse out her mouth or even wash her hands. Yuck. I give the powder room three flushes for having a bounty of toilet paper. P.S. The bar was pretty darn cool too. There were two freaky guys missing teeth who had this whole routine to a Stevie Wonder song. The jukebox had lots of X. Handsome pool sharks with Hot Wheels shirts hung out there too. The bartender was neato because she was a teacher during the week and she gave me a free shot. I want to go back.



Men's Room, No Anchovies pizzeria, Cincinnati OH

This shitter had good graffiti thanks to a decent crowd at No Anchovies. I was only able to hang out there long enough to do number 2 because No Anchovies serves beer. The place has many local zines by the front door, so you got yer reading material. Old building with wooden stall walls and exposed pipes, but clean and recently painted nice colors. three flushes.

Port of Call

This lame ass bar in Salt Lake City has an equally lame bathroom. After waiting behind dipshit frat wannabees with mullet haircuts for a urinal I find there is no place to set my drink. Also they've got fucking advertisements up in front of the urinals. I was so pissed that the blank wall space I usually focus intently on was covered with vulgar intrusions of capitalism that I looked at the penises of the guys in the urinals beside me. The bathroom gets 1 star for working plumbing, guy on the left gets 2 stars and the guy on the right gets 5 stars and an offer to make adult movies.

... GET GOT RID OF
Semi-solid leftovers from
the digestive process are
stored in the rectum,
near the end of the
digestive system. When it
is convenient, we dispose
of them into the toilet.

THREE SHEETS TO THE WIND

hydrocephalic REVYOOOOOS;

zine

Fun in a Bucket #'s 1,2, and 4.

Four kids in Utah make a very fun zine. Bad advice column, hate lists, word finds, star wars, ponders (if you wanna know what a ponder is, write to them and find out): this zine is worth getting just for the "THINGS WE'D LIKE TO DROP ANVILS ON," list. Mostly put together under the leadership of the intrepid and venerable Webly M. Bucket, who is more fun than you could fit into even a really big bucket. Check out their 3sttw review in #4. Go, now, get some stamps and stuff and mail it to them. They will trade for stamps, bucks, zines, diner sugar packets (not kidding), or whatever.

Fun in a Bucket

5422 S Revere DR

Salt Lake City UT 84117

or

Fun in a Bucket

c/o the lunchroom

50 S Main #25-7

Salt Lake City UT 84144

The Original Two-No Limit Bluff

7 inch (Deluxe)

This record is lurching and wonderful! Rad guitar and mutter silly words that stick in your head. Reminiscent of an 8th grade dance with a bit of Psychedelic Furs thrown in for good measure. Quite a swanky cover with Chris and Theo-both from the now defunct Bumblescrump.

Trickster Makes This World

Lewis Hyde

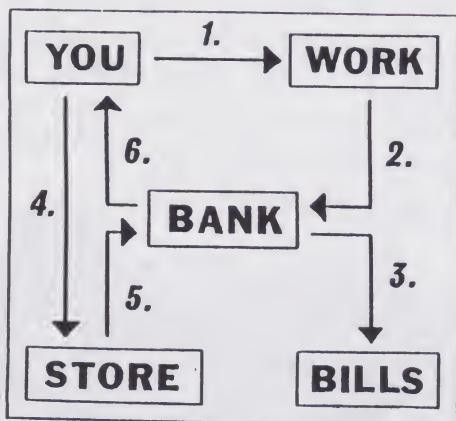
Farrar, Strauss and Giroux 1998
I haven't finished reading this at press time, but it's great and I want to plug it. This book analyses the role of the trickster figure in the mythology of American Indian, African, Norse, Greek and other cultures. It's got lots of parts suitably entertaining for the discerning 3sttw reader, my favorite so far being on page 29 when the author tells the story of someone who asks his anus to protect his food while he sleeps. The ass only farts at thieves and doesn't successfully fend them off, so when the guy wakes up and his food is gone he cusses out his anus, telling it it's a 'despicable object.' He then lights a stick on fire and burns his anus with it. No kidding! This is a story from the Winnebagos of Wisconsin, the state that gave us Boris the Sprinkler.

zine

The Waiter #1

I loved it! This is the first zine that i ever bought. I went to the bookstore and read all the zines and liked this so much that i bought it. It's a four-page tabloid size comic zine mostly about being a waiter. There's also comics about a baby with a god complex and clown who teaches you how to hurt yourself. I laughed out loud when i read it, and i still laugh if i read it again. Antonio laughed out loud, too. I like the style of the art, clean simple lines with distinct characters and good backgrounds. Send 75¢ (the cover price) right now! to:

Asshump Comics
617 W 31st #A
Austin TX 78705



zine

Brainscan

Webly's sister Sunshine, one of the Fun in a Bucket girls, makes this zine. I like it 'cause it shows some angst and some hard critical thinking. Interesting writing about feminism, the rennesaince man of the nineties (very funny), and school. Send her some stamps or stuff:

Brainscan
c/o the lunchroom
50 S Main #25-7
Salt Lake City UT 84144

REVYOOOOOOS/J

OK, I woke up early today to go to the record store and harass the clerk for the new *Donnas 7"* that was supposed to come out today. Actually I woke up early to take care of some court ordered community service and get my warrants out of the way. That's right I'm a wanted man baby, on the run from Johnny Law, this ain't no trip to Cleveland, I'm an outcast from society, a rebel, I live by my own rules, don't try and stop me I'll take you down with me, ya bastards, danger just gives me sort of a high. Anyway I get my *Donnas 7"*, they pulled it right out of the UPS guys hand and opened the box and gave me the *7"* and told me to get the hell out of the store. I immediately took it home and threw it on the turntable and began dancing like a ninny. I'm still hardcore. Anyway my feelings about this *7"*. I'm a little disappointed. It's like a little more seventies metally feeling. I was hoping for more of a ramonesy type thing.

The songs are also over or too closely approaching the 3 minute mark. I'm a firm believer in the Mighty Rev. N0rb's rule of punk rock songs never going over 2 minutes and 45 seconds. It's OK but I think I'm gonna listen to let's go mano before I pull this out. I also kind of don't like the color cover, I like that Xerox aesthetic.

THREE SHEETS THE WIND

Revyooooous;

Women's Room-Houston
Greyhound Station
Houston TX

I got off the bus from Austin and my bladder was fiercely protesting. It was the dull ache that threatens to make you double over until you hobble to the bathroom. There were at least seven other people standing in line waiting when I got there. Not to mention an overwhelming smell of shit, sounds of small children whining, the rustling of diaper bags, and tired mothers sighing. I decided to skip it and suffer the forty minute car ride to my destination.

DEATH IN VENICE a novel by Thomas Mann. Wow! Forget that I ever reviewed *Lolita*, this is the romance of the century. An aging writer falls in love with a 14 year old boy and stalks him around Venice. With very erotic descriptions of Tadzio's (the kid) body. Well renew my NAMBLA membership!



Casino El Camino

If you're reading this you've prolly used or will use this can. One urinal and one pot makes for waiting on the weekends. The door opens pretty wide and creates a lot of visibility. Only seen a couple people cop a squat, one was a drunk girl who went into the wrong bathroom and didn't seem to mind the open door and all the people checking her out. It's a cool can with anti frat graffiti. I give it four flushes, more if I don't have to drive and can drink my fill.

Revyooooous;

THREE SHEETS TO THE WIND

Revyooooous;

The End of Alice -A.M. Homes
Continuing along in the pedophile, Lolita-esque vein, I heartily recommend this fine piece of literature. So, this old pervert is rotting away in prison and he's not quite there anymore. He spends his wicked old days obsessing about little girls. He corresponds with a nineteen year old girl who enjoys corrupting little boys. It's all very sick and creepy, but totally intriguing and even erotic in a disturbing way.

Kiss-Offs show at Bates Motel
At first I didn't like this band, since I'm so hard-core, but I loved teen titans, 145's, and the Hottie 78/ Bad Shit Fuckers. I saw them a couple times and then their greatness hit me. The show at Bates was no let down. Philip was trashed and in his best form. He was chaos. They play no wave, almost arty punk. Their songs are catchy, not in a sing-a-long way but in a tune stuck in your head you can't identify way. I say they rock straight out and try to never miss their shows.

THE CHARLES WHITMAN
MEMORIAL TOWER:
A beautiful addition
to Austin's skyline,
plus it's got history,
plus it's got history,
plus it's got history.



Show Review-f.y.p. @ Emo's
December 16th, 1997

Antonio says: They rocked. They were pretty fucking trashed and Todd and the drummer were having some kind of fight. They weren't the drunkest I've ever seen. They played the classics and their new stuff. I'm still in love.

Zack says: For being a little tipsy, these gentlemen performed surprisingly well. I sang along to songs I had never heard before and the whole crowd jumped around-which made me spill beer all over myself.

Oona says: There were some guys and they sang some songs. I couldn't tell you what they were. Lali pinched me and I still have the bruise. There was a lovely gent wearing a zebra striped camisole. I threw up the next morning and barely made it through work.



FYP "My Man Grumpy" LP

FYP keeps getting poppier. Jed's not with the band anymore and maybe that has something to do with it. It kind of continues in an Audrea Lee vein from their last LP. It's really good and I've been listening to it almost non stop, but I still like their "old crappy stuff" better.

SIX DAYS

sixdrags.sixdrags.sixdrags.sixdrags.sixdrags.sixdrags.sixdrags.sixdrags.sixdrags.sixdrags.sixdrags.sixdrags.sixdrags

so i finally graduated from junior college & my boyfriend and two of our friends decided to head down to that "childhood wonderland" otherwise known as six flags astroworld for some good clean fun. i'm thinking hours of skipping about, running from ride to ride like when you're seven and have an all day pass. i was thinking more along the lines of disneyland, you know, magic, assorted jovial cartoon characters, and acres of fun rides. after riding in a camper backwards for three hours, we arrived. i was dizzy and grumpy. i think the dream ended when i had to pass through a metal detector & was confronted with sullen amusement park employees who sat slumped around in cheap looking pseudo robin hood costumes, looking like they wished they were anywhere but there.



there were also herds of roaming pre-pubescent girls with their tiny little chests on display in cropped tops & their hips slung out. they stared desperately at passing boys, their lip gloss glistening in the gloomy houston sun. it was a monster-sized meat market & i felt too old. girls got dressed up to get felt up on dark rides. sulking boys with peach fuzz roamed in groups & looked important.

the whole place totally depressed me. there was trash everywhere. water rides were surrounded by stagnant, murky water, with newspaper & crap floating on top. everything looked old & used. chipped paint and worn out.

then there were the lines. i expected to have to wait for an hour or two—it's the tired achy leg feeling that makes the five second ride worth it. i waited in line for an hour behind four people, to buy \$3.75 chili-cheese fries, served up by a feeble, totally distracted old woman with one stocking of her tyrolean elf costume falling down. she not only ran the cash register, but also prepared the slop, so the line inched along painfully, at one point, she had to ask a customer to wipe off her face, because it was covered in grease from the grill.



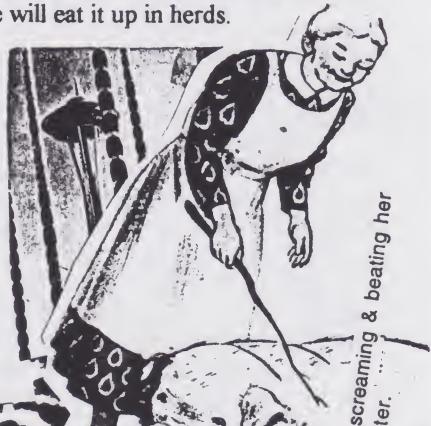


\$3.75 chili-cheese fries

take them somewhere real like a park

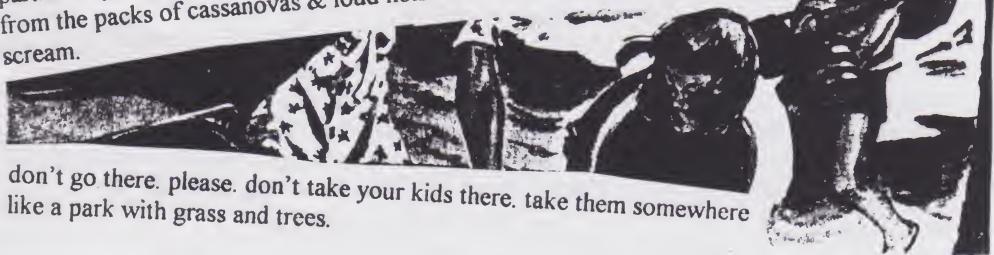
i felt like i had stumbled onto the set of some really bad movie. it was just another weasely, corrupt theme park. i had forgotten their standards: employ as few people as possible (dress them in humiliating troll costumes) in the food booths to cut costs, yet charge \$3.50 for a coke. sell a bunch of overpriced plastic crap & people will eat it up in herds.

i thought about this as i waited for my friends to come back from the batman ride. i hung out under a tree for two hours, watching a group of scary girls get in a fight, a dad & son smack the shit out of each other with plastic bats. i wished desperately for something to read. that was the really scary thing i noticed about the damn place. i couldn't even buy a paper or a book, even if i wanted to fork over the \$7.99. they didn't want you to focus on anything but consuming. they even kept the park brochure up at the entrance gates, so there was absolutely nothing to read.



a lady screaming & beating her daughter.

so i watched people and felt really weird & sad. i saw a lady screaming and beating her daughter, i saw bored mothers waiting for their kids & tired workers sweeping endlessly, but i didn't see anyone looking particularly happy or pleased. i was so glad when we finally escaped from the packs of cassanovas & loud noise & dirt. i just wanted to scream.



don't go there. please. don't take your kids there. take them somewhere like a park with grass and trees.

PLATINUM VISA

Debbie flipped through a magazine while Jack finished helping a customer. "Yes, the computer says we've got three copies of **Complete Illustrated Guide to Feng Shui**. You'll find it on the second floor in our interior decorating section."

The couple thanked him and wandered off. Debbie said, "I'm all done. You get done at eleven?"

"Yeah. You wanna come over?"

"Of course."

"Hey listen, does the coffee shop throw away ground coffee, you know, at the end of every day?"

"Sure, Jack, tons. Why? Do you need some?"

"Yeah, I'm all out and I don't have any money."

"I'll grab a bunch right now and bring it over tonight."

"Great," said Jack.

"See you tonight." Debbie paraded off towards the coffee shop in the back of the bookstore. Jack walked around the classics section, straightening books and pushing the little stools out of the walkways. When he got to a certain square of floor he looked at the window and checked his neatly combed hair in the reflection. He straightened the way his shirt was tucked in. He wandered back to the desk and found the Feng Shui couple.

The woman had a pair of tortoise shell sunglasses pushed onto the top of her head. She handed him a glossy, expensive book and two greeting cards and a novelty bookmark. She had a platinum Visa card in her other hand. Without looking at Jack she said, "Put everything in separate little bags, so it doesn't get all mixed up."

Jack smiled and bowed his head a little and gestured to a sign on his counter and said quickly, "I'm sorry, ma'am, this is just an information desk. The cash registers are at the front of the store." He pointed.

The man said, "Up here honey." He herded the lady to the front. They got in line. The man rocked on his heels while the lady fished in her bag.

"Come to think of it, I'm going to write a check. I just have no idea where I am with Visa." She looked at the cashier, a fifteen year-old girl with green hair and a nose ring and whispered to the man, "That young man was so helpful, so polite. What did his name tag say? Did you see that girl he was talking to? She loves him. I can tell. He likes her, too. A woman can tell these things. What a cute couple. Weren't they a cute couple honey?" She snaked her arm around his waist.

"Huh? Oh, yeah. Are you using the Visa?"

"No, I just told you I'm writing a check."

Jack downshifted and spun the pedals. He stopped at a red light, straddling his bike. The sound of an engine idling close to him caught his attention and he looked over his shoulder. A lady with a massive helmet of blueish white hair was trying to push her Lincoln alongside him. He picked up his bike and moved it to the center of the lane, blocking her car. He

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looked right at her, pointed to himself, then at the road, and said loudly, "This is my lane. Bicycles take up a whole lane."

The lady gestured at him impatiently to move over. He turned and stared at the red light. The Lincoln's horn sounded a long blast in his ear. He winced and flipped her off, not looking back.

The light turned green and Jack rode through the busy intersection. He shifted up. The Lincoln roared past him, threatening to knock him over.

Debbie grabbed a six pack of Colt 45 tall boys out of the beer cooler and yelled to the front of the store, "It's not midnight yet, is it?"

The short Pakistani man behind the counter smiled broadly and answered in staccato speech, "No, it is just at eleven-thirty, miss."

Debbie brought the beer to the counter and returned his smile, "I need a pack of Marlboro lights. And do you have any matches?"

"No, but you may buy a lighter for just sixty-nine cents."

"No thanks, I'm sure we've got some across the street." She took her change and went out into the parking lot. As she was crossing Manor Road a poorly dressed black man appeared out of nowhere, "Hey miss, hey, can you give a fellow the time?"

"Sure," Debbie shifted the beer to her right arm and held her wristwatch up to the light, "It's eleven-thirty."

"Thank you much."

"Of course, no problem." She crossed Jack's parking lot and mounted the stairs of his building. She let herself into his efficiency apartment. She heard Jack banging around in his closet and yelled to him, "You want a beer?!"

"Yeah!"

She put the Colt 45 in the fridge and surveyed its contents: two sixteen ounce cans of Busch, a six pack of Lonestar tallboys, the Colt 45, and nothin else. She grabbed a Lonestar and a Busch and went and flopped on the sofa.

Jack came out of the closet with a wrench and a small tool kit in his hand. The efficiency was furnished spartanly with a sofa and a mattress. Debbie and Jack's bicycles lay tangled together by the front door. A single bare overhead light bulb lit the room with a harsh warmth. He extracted her bike from the pair and set it upside down on its handlebars and seat. "Slow leak you say?"

"Yeah. It's been like that for a couple of weeks. It gets annoying. Beer?"

"Fuck yeah. Jesus Christ, you wouldn't believe the assholes on the road today." He started removing the back wheel. "Sometimes I wanna carry fucking handfuls of nails to throw in front of their cars." He pulled the wheel off and wiped his hands on his filthy grey Ministry t-shirt. "You know, it's much harder riding if the tire's not inflated properly. I'll get this patched and pumped up and you'll feel such a difference."

"Yeah, Jack, I know. So what do you think about this fall?"

"About what? Oh, VISTA? I think it's great." He put down the wheel and looked right at her. "Look, I'll tell you, seriously, I have a lot of respect for what you're doing. I mean I really admire it. It's a useful thing; our world needs people like you."

"Well Jack, you could be doing it."

"I've taught before. Not my thing."

"What are you going to do with yourself?"

Jack sat down on the floor. "I don't know. There's nothing I really want to do. I see these assholes in their Lexuses running out to IBM every morning, and their always red-faced with impatience and anger. And they don't seem to realize their frustrated with their own un-fulfilling lives, that satisfaction isn't something you order out of L.L. Bean. Their lives are so fucking empty, so routine. I could never be a part of any of that."

"The VISTA lady called me today about placement. A lot of sites are out since I don't have a car. They wanted to know how I felt about Mobile, Alabama."

"Wow. Deep south, there's some history there: Rosa Parks and all."

"Would you ever live there?"

"No, not anytime soon."

"It's likely to be there or Waynesville, North Carolina."

"Where's that?"

"Outside of Asheville."

"That wouldn't be so bad." He had the wheel in his lap and one bead of the tire out of the hub. A cockroach scurried across the wall a few feet from him. He jumped up. "Shit! Where's the Chronicle?"

Debbie pointed to the floor. He scooped up the paper and swatted the roach loudly, leaving a brown smear. "Fuck, I can't stand roaches." He plopped on the couch beside Debbie.

"Aren't you going to clean that up?" she asked.

"Nope. Dead now. Doesn't bother me."

"You're gross." But she ran her fingers through his tousled hair. He leaned back against her.

In bed at four in the morning, Jack fished around in the twisting waves of bedclothes. Debbie said sleepily, "What are you looking for?"

"My underwear."

"Oh come on, just sleep naked," and she nestled closer.

"I've got to make you some coffee for the morning." Jack pulled on his boxers and stood up in one motion. In the corner furnished with a sink and a stove he dropped the old coffee grounds in the trash. He filled the carafe and put fresh grounds in the filter, leaving the coffee maker off. He then brushed his teeth, turned off the bathroom light and got in bed.

Debbie and Jack spooned together till the warmth of the covers was fully charged. Then they turned back to back and curled into little balls facing away from each other. Soon they were both asleep.

The alarm sounded loudly at ten in the morning and Debbie hit snooze. It repeated its reverie at nine minutes after. At ten-eighteen she stood up and pulled on a white tanktop with lace trim and her old jeans, sans underwear. She started the coffee maker and went to pee. She then lit a cigarette and went to the kitchen corner and looked out the window. The sun had begun

platinum visa

ascending in the eastern sky, casting a yellow glow over east Austin. After she smoked, she poured coffee, sat down on the floor by the phone and dialed. It was picked up after one ring. "Bookpeople bookstore, may I help you?"

"Hey, this is Debbie, let me talk to John in the coffee house."

"Oh hey, Debbie. No problem, just a minute." She was put on hold. She studied Jack who twisted and rubbed his eyes and swatted, as if to bat the light from his eyes.

"Hi, Debbie."

"Good Morning, John," she said animatedly, "How's things down there?"

"Slow. No one's here."

"Good. I'm a little behind. I've got to, uh, drop the cat off at the vet," she said, laughing.

"Okay. No problem. See you in a bit?"

"Eleven-thirty at the latest."

She hung up and looked at Jack who was massaging his temples and staring at the floor. She took him black coffee. "Unngghh. Thanks."

"I've got to get going soon. I've got to get to work."

"Ungh. Wait. Ride down with you. Post office. Library." Jack lay back on the bed and yawned loudly, contentedly.

"Okay," sang Debbie, smiling, "We've got to go in about twenty minutes."

"Ungh. Right. Fuck."

As they carried their bikes down to the parking lot, dressed in the same clothes they had been wearing the night before, Jack started forming complete sentences, "Oh god, this is too godforsaken early to be out of bed."

"You didn't have to get up. You don't work today."

"Yeah, I like riding with you," Jack said. Debbie smiled. Jack busied himself with his helmet strap. Everywhere the world was bright and sunny. "Wow, it's not even hot yet. Today is the perfect day." Jack kissed Debbie on the cheek. They climbed onto their bikes and pushed off.

They had ridden about a mile and were nearing I-35, which divided the city; in another hundred yards they would've passed from east side black and Hispanic ghettos to west side white municipal affairs. Riding along flat, clear pavement Jack's tire went completely flat in the space of five seconds. The bike wavered and slowed. Jack quickly stopped and jumped off. "Hold up! I've got a flat," he said matter-of-factly. Debbie u-turned and pulled up on the sidewalk.

Jack de-Velcroed the tool kit from under his seat. "Well shit," he said appreciatively.

"Can you fix it?"

"Sure. Take no more than five minutes. And that gas station a block up has air. I got a quarter for air."

Debbie got off her bike and lay it down and fished a cigarette out of her bag. Jack said, "You go on to work. You shouldn't be late. I'm fine."

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"I already called. I don't mind. No problem." She lit the cigarette, sat on a curb, and took **Franney and Zooey** from her bag. Jack took his wheel off.

Every minute or so a car sped by, stirring up a cloud of dust. Jack would squint as the hot cloud pattered them with invisible detritus. After about four minutes, one of the cars sped by and came to a sudden stop. Jack looked up at it. Its back up lights came on and it pulled back alongside Jack and Debbie.

It was a brand new Volvo 850 station wagon. The power window slid down and the woman's face leaned out of the passenger window, "Look honey, it's the kids from the book store! What's wrong? Have a little breakdown?"

Jack looked up. He had his tube inflated and he was squatting down and feeling for a leak with is face. He gave no sign of emotion. "Flat tire."

Debbie lay her book in her lap and smiled. "Yeah, nothing big."

"Hey, well look, if you guys need a lift somewhere?..."

The man interrupted her and leaned towards the window with his arm on the steering wheel, "If you're late for work or anything, we could drop you there. We could even put the bikes on top." He beamed a toothy grin and pointed up with his thumb. An expensive pair of new Thule load bars was clamped to his roof.

"That's okay," Debbie said, "We'll do fine by ourselves."

The woman didn't seem to notice, "We're just on our way back from the airport, taking a shortcut to downtown. What are you guys doing out here?" She indicated the neighborhood with a jerk of her head and a contemptuous eyebrow gesture.

Jack pointed East down Manor Road and said through clenched teeth, "I live right down there."

"Oh," said the woman. "Well, let us give you a lift."

"No. We don't need any of your help," Jack said shortly. Debbie looked at Jack softly.

The woman brought up her hands nervously, helplessly, "We can't just leave you guys out here, broken down." Over her shoulder she said, "Can we, honey?"

The man held up a cellular phone, "At least let us call someone for you."

Jack dropped the inner tube to the pavement and stood up straight. He said directly, accusingly, "My bike had a flat tire practically in front of my own home. Why would I need you to call anyone?"

Debbie got up, walked over to Jack and said to the couple, "Look, it's quite all right. We're fine, really. Go on. Now."

The man shrugged casually. The Volvo roared away at full blast in a cloud of hot exhaust and litter as the woman mashed on the button to put up her power window. Jack was visibly fuming. Debbie said, "Forget about them. They can't help it."

Jack said, "Motherfuckers."



We are on a diplomatic mission!

Princess Leia, You will pull my finger.



Things Antonio Thinks You Should Know About Star Wars

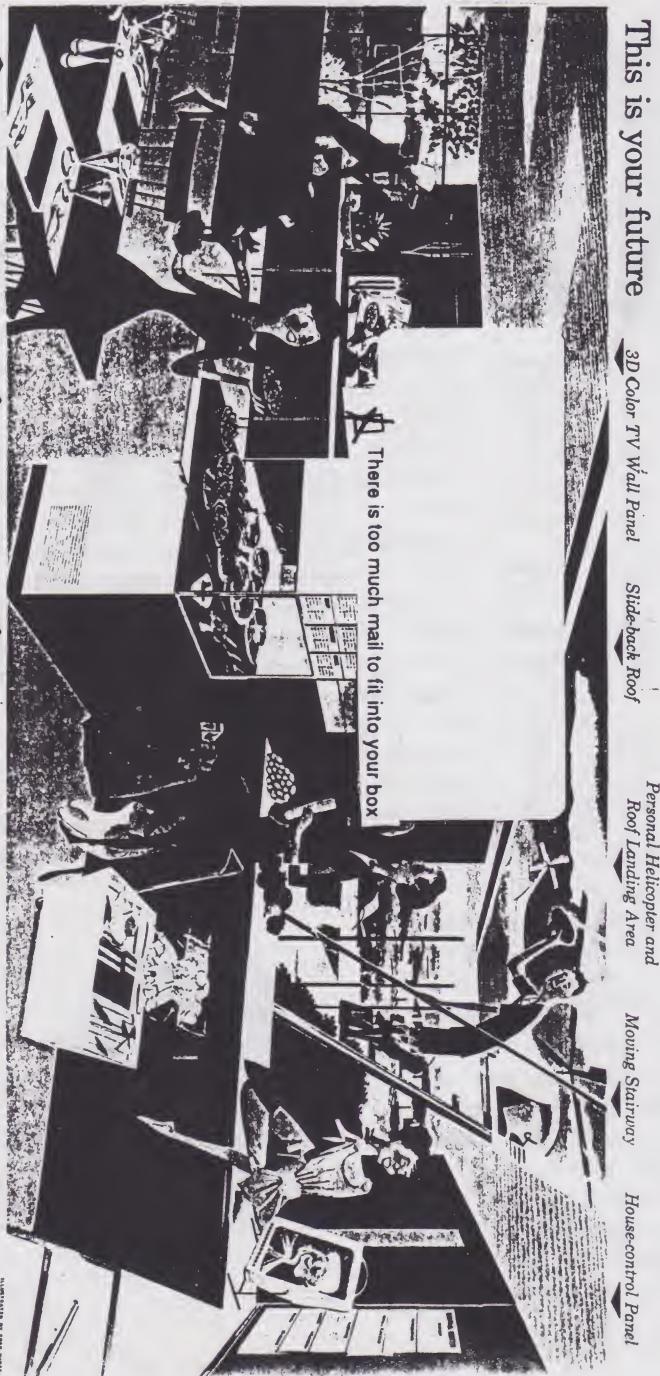
Wookies are familiar to any Star Wars fan. The most famous being Chewbacca, but also well known are Chelambac, the bounty hunter and rebellion spy, Delwanna, Han's first wookie friend and mother figure, and Lumpawarump, Chewbacca's son. These large fury creatures come from the planet Kashyyk. It's an arboreal planet and the wookies live high above the ground in the forest canopy. They have large retractable claws for climbing the trees and for hunting. These claws, in addition to their intimidating size, are extremely useful in combat. Their incredible sense of direction and ability to navigate is instinctual, from living in the forests. Their skill and accuracy with a bowcaster make them expert marksmen and famous hunters. These qualities made the wookie and invaluable part of the Rebel Alliance. They served as trackers and scouts and could over come almost any terrain. Unfortunately these qualities also made them prime candidates for Imperial slave labor. They were apt mechanics and their

Does it bother anyone
else that at the end
of A New Hope Luke
g Han get medals, but
Chewie doesn't?
That's so fucked

strength made them ideal for brute labor. Their labor was widely exploited to build the Death Star. Wookie society is highly esteemed for their commitment to honor. The life debt, a commitment on the part of the wookie to another for the extent of either's life, is sacred in the wookie culture. Since their life span is about four or five times a human they can serve out these oaths to humans and many other species. Chewbacca swore a life debt to Han Solo after he freed the wookie from Imperial slavers. The wookies are one of the most noble of all the sentients in the Star Wars universe. They're also my favorite, prolly cause I'm tall and hairy too.



3STTW
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恐れ入りますが
50円切手を
貼って下さい

